

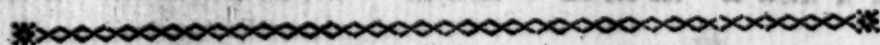
SPECULATION,

K

Eng. Poetry vol 54.

A P O E M.

Doctor HENRY REVELL REYNOLDS

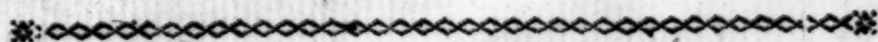


Physician to the *Middlesex-Hospital*, this

—*Liberius si*

Dixero quid, si forte jocofus, hoc mihi juris
Cum venia dabis. Hor:

By the



L O N D O N:

Printed for N. CONANT (Successor to Mr. WHISTON)
Fleet-Street; and J. WALTER, at *Charing-Cross*.

M, DCC, LXXVI.

SPECULATION

A P O E M.

—Liberia A

Cur venia habet. Discere quid, iocundus, hoc mihi parit
Hor:



L O N D O N :

Printed for M. CONANT (Successor to Mr. Whiston)
Pier Street; and J. WALTER, at Charing-Cross.

M D C C L X V I

T O

DOCTOR HENRY REVELL REYNOLDS

Physician to the *Middlesex-Hospital*, this

Poem is inscribed,

By the

A U T H O R

T O

Doctor HENRY REVELL REYNOLDS

Physician to the Middlesex-Hospital, this

Poem is inscribed,

By the

AUTHOR

SPECULATION.

To watch and guard, what our wise guardians plann'd,
The laws and constitution of the land,
Let state physicians sacrifice their ease,
And reap precarious honors, if they please ;
Whilst you, my friend, great Nature's laws explore,
To heal the helpless, and preserve the poor.
The heart, like thine, that joys in doing good,
Must needs feel more than common flesh and blood.
That Doctor but disgraces his degree,
Who ne'er will touch the pulse without the fee.

B

Alas !

Alas ! few Doctors the gilt bait withstand,
 When nicely usher'd to the op'ning hand.
 The hand spontaneous grasps the shining ore,
 But soon dilates again, and gapes for more.
 That hand, that hapless hand, so lately fee'd,
 To death, perhaps, its patron has decreed.
 Thus quacks, than regulars, are only worse,
 Because they take your life as well as purse.
 Mourn, mourn, ye quacks, your promis'd cures give o'er,
 Your champion and your hero is no more.
 With that *sage-tincture*, which procur'd his pelf,
 He could not keep * *possession of himself*.
 Death's *judgment over-rul'd* the doctor's skill,
 And *took in execution* Sir JOHN HILL.

* When the Doctor advertised his *Tincture of Sage*, he told the publick
 that it would give the patient *possession of himself*.

Say then, ye learned few of Warwick-lane,
 Whom snarling Envy persecutes in vain,
 Shall *licenc'd* E—r deviate from the rule
 Of science, and bid *fellows* go to school?
 Shall bold C—n's principles prevail,
 To starve the gout, by *cutting off the entail*?
 The patient ne'er can grudge the doctor's fees,
 That *suffers a recovery* for ease.
 'Tis piteous strange, yet true, that men of parts,
 In physick, shou'd act wrong and right by starts.
 Who dreams in science, sees what Fancy paints,
 Doubts warp his mind, and whim his judgment taints.
 Else why did * HEBERDEN *once* lose his way,
 And from the path of long experience stray?

* This alludes to a paper published in the Medical Transactions for 1770,
 wherein the Doctor endeavours to refute the established opinion, that wet
 linen, damp sheets, &c. are prejudicial to the constitution.

'Twas magick sure!—some demon forg'd his name,
 And gave the libel to that strumpet Fame;
 For *Heberden* and *Candour* are the same.
 The subject hurts—the Muse must bid adieu
 To physick, and a larger field pursue.

To mark the movements of the human mind,
 By passions tortur'd, or by taste refin'd;
 To shield coy Merit shrinking from the sight,
 Or drag the dark detractor into light,
 Be this the task—let justice then impeach,
 And satire punish what the laws can't reach.

All who seek fame, without some just pretence,
 Display some vice, as well as want of sense.

They

They pilfer reputation, and out-face
 The man they rob, to screen their own disgrace.
 Thus magpies chatter what their betters say,
 Hide what they steal, and slyly hop away.

Say, should strong Prejudice direct the heart,
 Or Int'rest urge, to play the knavish part,
 Wou'd it avail the injur'd man to know
 Whether 'twas knave or fool that dealt the blow?
 The injur'd man one comfort has in store,
 He feels but what ten thousand felt before.
 O shame to manhood! that a friend's distress
 Shou'd serve to make our own misfortunes less.
 So the spruce 'prentice, splash'd by cart or coach,
 First the rude driver loads with harsh reproach;

Then

Then sadly views his coat bespatter'd o'er,

But laughs to find his friend's bespatter'd more.

Lo yon poor wretch now screaming at the cart,

Whose groans ev'n pierce the Beadle's flinty heart.

Tell—what's her crime? “She stole a loaf,” indeed!

The motive, Sir? “Her starving brats to feed.”

Can Justice parry such a poignant plea,

While K—N and while G—R go free?

Strict justice most injurious is allow'd;

But why scourge paupers, and why spare the proud?

When plain partialities dispense with law,

The bench must lose all reverence and awe.

K—N and G—R defy the bench;

They sin securely, while their husbands wench.

Adult'ry

Adult'ry in her grace scarce seems a vice;
 Her taste and breeding are so very nice.
 The baroness all breeding does despise,
 She owns the whore, but swears *she* never lies.

The *glorious* uncertainty of law
 Now firms your title, and now finds a flaw.
 Judges, like others, have their spleen and pride,
 And oft, as passions plead, the cause decide.
 A soft engaging culprit, false or true,
 May fascinate a judge and jury too:
 CHARTRES shou'd hang, tho' guiltless of the rape,
 But let the sweet bewitching R—D escape.
 Good name, or friends may save where judges doubt,
 But thou, dear vicious R—D, art sav'd without.

The

The common faults and frailties of the great
 Are deem'd felonious in a low estate.
 Sharpers from men of rank now slink away,
 For men of rank are sharper still than they.
 Plebeian cards turn courtiers at command,
 And BRESLAW learns from lords his flight of hand.
 At ALMACK's door see lacqueys take their place,
 And claim the rank of earldom or his grace:
 Lay all their stock upon a single card,
 And, like their lords above, are made or marr'd.
 Late a shrewd * wit, more pleasant than severe,
 Resembled BRITONS to a cask of beer;
The top's mere froth; the bottom, filth and mud;
The middle, freed from both, is sound and good.

* Voltaire.

High

High titles with low vices ill agree ;
 On men of worth they stamp a dignity.
 This rule still some exceptions will admit,
 For C—M lost the dignity of P—T.
 C—M still struggles to retrieve his fame,
 Still hopes to triumph o'er disease and shame ;
 Alas ! the shade of P—T, and nothing more,
 Must follow where the substance went before.
 Thus P—Y sunk in B—H the patriot rare ;
 O REYNOLDS, *what a falling off was there !*
 P—Y, with pow'rs for great atchievements born,
 Debas'd by B—H, became his country's scorn.

Ye females, form'd by nature, to improve
 Unpolish'd man, and fashion him to love ;

C

Whose

Whose fov'reign rule no mortal e'er deny'd
 Before the sacred nuptial knot was ty'd,
 Say why's the honey-moon no sooner o'er
 Than Love and even Friendship are no more?
 How comes that union suddenly destroy'd,
 Which, in the framing, years, perhaps, employ'd?
 Are women what they seem before they wed?
 Are men not oft deceiv'd in *white* and *red*?
 What's your complexion—olive, brown, or fair?
 And what the native colour of your hair?
 Does that fine gloss, and clear vermilion tint,
 Bear Nature's stamp, as coin'd in Nature's mint?
 Or do those roses nightly fade away,
 And blossom with the varnish of the day?
 Your tempers too—that virgin, mild and meek,
 Wedded, becomes a vixen in a week.

So ships, to pass for friends, false colours shew,
 But when they come to action hoist the true.
 So D—N, who assum'd the port of man,
 Now quits the rapier and displays the fan ;
 No more to martial glory leads her *troop*,
 But dances in a polanese and hoop.
 Learn then from FORTESCUE the art to please :
 Copy her affability and ease.
 Affect not to despise what others know,
 Because you think it frivolous or low.
 The meanest knowledge has its end and use,
 Tho' treated with derision or abuse.
 True wisdom ne'er stands foremost in the croud,
 But, as the Sun, is clear behind a cloud.
 Wit, like the sword, is sharpest when it shines,
 And pierces deeper as the point refines.

But when 'tis aim'd at Modesty or Grace,
 The thrust recoils full in the fencer's face.
 This envy'd talent, each possessor knows,
 Scarce gains one friend, but makes a thousand foes.
 Why then, pretenders, claim it as your due?
 Since wits, tho' fear'd, are always hated too.
 Banish, ye fair, this viper from your breast,
 That stings in earnest, even us'd in jest.

Thus far the Muse on female frailties dwells;
 But Man, false Man, against *all* rule rebels.
 Lovers, like beggars, flatter, fawn, and sneak;
 "Bestow some pity or their hearts will break."
 This seeks with pray'rs and tears his daily bread;
 That fights and shakes his half distracted head:

Calls

Calls on the gods to witness to his truth,
 The artless love of unexperienc'd youth ;
 Darts, flames, pangs, plagues, and raptures all conspire
 To move compassion, or excite desire.

Mean time, the credulous deluded fair,
 O'ercome by pity, falls into the snare :
 A willing victim to the altar goes,
 And offers up her freedom and repose.

The courtly priest, unlike the priests of old,
 Salutes the sacrifice and takes the gold.
 (More golden calves the pamper'd priests wou'd find,
 Cou'd they but disunite as well as bind.)

The bridegroom, soon disgusted with his mate,
 Affects suspicion, but conceals his hate.

Arraigns her conduct—names the time and place,
 And swears he had the secret from his Grace ;

Employs

Employs some needy friend to bear her down,
 And spread the precious scandal thro' the town.
 The pleasing tale soon flies from north to south,
 And Lady BAB's misdeed's in ev'ry mouth.
 " Poor Lady BAB!" each lisping damsel cries;
 " Poor Lady BAB!" each chaste old maid replies.
 " Who wou'd have thought! and yet she had a look
 " Which all the men for modesty mistook.
 " I hate those outward signs of inward grace,
 " Put on, like paint, to hide the *real* face."
 Poor Lady BAB, with just resentment fir'd,
 And eager to pursue what rage inspir'd,
 Disclaims all virtue—acts the modern wife—
 Cuckolds her Lord, and plays the whore for life.

Tom

TOM TINSEL, fortune's fav'rite son and heir,
 Bred up in folly, with paternal care ;
 Unletter'd, unaccomplish'd, takes the lead,
 And gives the *ton*, tho' TINSEL cannot read.
 What others read he perfectly retains,
 And memory supplies the want of brains.
 Hint but a word, and TINSEL tete-à-tete,
 Will tell you who spoke best in the debate.
 What was the question—when the house broke up,
 And where *some certain members* nightly sup.
 But that's a secret—understand him right,
 He wou'd not have it known how you came by't.
 To criticise a dinner, or a coat,
 From cooks and fops Tom has it all by rote.
 The coat and dinner are alike genteel,
 If my Lord says it, TOM will sign and seal.

Without

Without an ear, or knowledge in the art,
 He talks, in terms, of musick, got by heart.
 Cries "GABRIELLI's manner's quite divine—
 "Her voice unique—her taste and judgment fine."
 But if some critick, connoisseur, or judge,
 (Owing, as criticks often do, a grudge)
 Shou'd treat *the* GABRIELLI with neglect,
 Because to him she paid not due respect,
 The critick's keen remarks Tom makes his own,
 And with importance damns her to the town,
 Yet shou'd again his Grace protect her fame,
 Tom has the *grace* to echo back the same;
 Ever to titled forms Tom's mind accords,
 To him no criticks are like critick Lords.
 At each new play behold him wond'rous wise,
 Employing both his ears and both his eyes,

Not to attend the stage, or mind the play'rs,

But to find out what character it bears.

He whispers COLMAN—COLMAN knows his man,

And pleas'd to serve an author where he can,

Commends the piece—Tom chatters it abroad,

And the play lives by COLMAN's honest fraud.

Espous'd by patrons, libell'd by his foes,

Or flush'd with praise partiality bestows ;

How can the poet judge ?—or what believe,

While knaves cajole, and flatterers deceive ?

Flatt'ry the fool's delight, the vain man's treat—

The poet's bane, who only writes to eat.

Happy, thrice happy, in these hostile times,

Cou'd poets feed on metaphor and rhimes !

D

Or,

Or, spider-like, spin out the airy twine,
 To catch the insects buzzing o'er each line!
 Then might the poet, on the powder'd beau,
 Pounce, like the spider, on the fly below.

Authors and play'rs the publick voice may trust,
Their censure or applause is always just.

Envy may merit, for a while obscure,
 But soon, like ars'nic, fines and makes it pure.
 The pond'rous poison to the bottom goes,
 And merit rising, triumphs o'er it's foes.

Raw striplings *now* great criticks strait commence,
 And lord it o'er the voice of common sense.
 From Critick-Magazine, or Morning Post,
 Get all the wicked wisdom they can boast ; -

Made daily wise, to theatres they run,

To hiss an actor, or applaud a pun.

“ Silence—here’s W—D, W—D’s dev’lish well ;

“ In strokes of *Nature* W—D bears the bell.

“ Observe, he *ne’er outres* the author’s thought,

“ But *chastely* points the humour as he ought.

“ Who’s that they clap ? ’tis LEWIS, yes—I see ;

“ I hate both LEWIS TOM, and LEWIS LEE.”

JOHN BULL, who listen’d to the flimsy spark,

On W—D made this honest plain remark :

“ His action apes the wriggle of a grub,

“ And Harlequin seems mask’d in brother SCRUB.

“ Both LEWISES, to me, appear content

“ To look the characters they represent.”

If pauses, tremors, vacant face, and stare,
 Are requisites to form a tragick play'r,
 M—N come forth—thou prince of tremblers come,
 And shew the world that acting's all a hum.
 Accent each syllable—pervert the stile—
 Grind ev'ry word, and *grin a ghastly smile*—
 Throw doublets in the article of death,
 And, murd'ring Duncan, murder too Mackbeth.

B—y's soft silver tones and cadence sweet
 Wou'd move his audience, cou'd he move his feet;
 But when we see him fasten'd to the floor,
 We think it pain, tho' passion makes him roar.
 Yet let the fair EUPHRASIA grace the stage,
 (Who charms alike in pathos or in rage)

That feebleness we blam'd, we most admire,
We bless the daughter, and applaud the fire.

Ye brethren of the buskin, masque or sock,
Who prate like parrots, or like monkeys mock,
Fall back—retire—the genius of the stage—
The phoenix and the wonder of the age
Appears—and see great SHAKESPEARE'S shade attend,
That seems to watch the exit of his friend;
The time must come, alas! tho' late, it must,
When GARRICK'S *mortal* part will turn to dust.
SHAKESPEARE shall then *his* much lov'd spirit join,
And both in one bright constellation shine.

F I N I S.

That freedom we claim'd, we self-advance

We bid the daughter and applaud the fire

To freedom of the British, making a law

Who gave the patriot of the north a name

Full pay — the genius of the sage —

The patriot and the wonder of the age

Appears — and the great name is made a name

That leads to what of his name



At the time each come, alas! the time is near

When Garrison's name will turn to dust

Shakespeare built them for much longer time

And both in one bright constellation shine

